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A Few Words About Tennyson.

BY HUGH O'NEILL (*Lavv*).

This is a critical, scholarly, reflective rather than a creative age. This is the Victorian age, and Tennyson is its representative. His influence is dominating, fascinating and far-reaching. He is to the Victorian period what Spenser was to the Elizabethan, what Milton was to the Protectorate, and what Pope was to the Queen Anne period. It may be said of him, in his own words, he is

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

Although he has not the melody, wisdom and passion of his time, he has its elements in harmonious conjunction. He is more than his surroundings; and while we admire the landscape painting, we admire still more the crystal of the stream.

Born in 1809, he began to write verses at an early age; but his first efforts were condemned by the critics. He was like

"A mute, inglorious Milton"

for the next ten years. His first productions are remarkable for nothing but rhythm, color and melody, showing the influence of Wordsworth, Keats and the Italian poets.

Poetry, which cannot be defined, is the greatest of the fine arts, and has technical secrets and mysteries far more intricate than can be found in painting, sculpture, music, or architecture. Tennyson devoted his youth to mastering the secrets and mysteries of this exquisite art. His next productions bore the fruit of his labor. Every word in his later publications is as needful as a scroll or a flower in ornamental architecture.

From the time of Milton blank verse had

been used only by Cowper and Wordsworth, and that simply in moralizing and didactic essays. Tennyson's first appearance in blank verse was in the "Mort d'Arthur," which appeared in the volume published 1842. This poem shows the influence of Homer on the author. There is an airy beauty and easy flow in everything Tennyson wrote. In "Dora" there is the freshness of the Hebrew pastoral; in "The Gardener's Daughter" descriptive felicity; in "Ulysses" conception, imagery and thought in the most compact expression; in "The Talking Oak" grace and fancy in equestrian verse; in "Locksley Hall" sentimental egotism mixed with consolation; and in "The Day Dream" dying falls and fanciful pictures, all showing the mastery of the art just mentioned.

For a long time Tennyson turned old stories into verse; and his first great poem, whose theme and story he had invented, was "The Princess." This poem, although ideal, is thoroughly English, and the mind's eye can see the England of Cœur-de-Léon with that of Victoria.

"The Idyls of the King," which consist of eleven parts, are founded on "Sir Arthur Malory's old black letter Lygends of King Arthur's Round Table." The title is taken from Theocritus, who lived about two hundred and forty years before Christ, and who was the most artistic poet in Alexandria. This poem is an allegory as well as an epic, and teaches a great moral lesson. It is a Gothic structure, with nave and transept, cloister and chapel, where the bells of poesy ever ring. It is the Christian idea of chivalry—not of what it was, but of what it should be. Its mediæval splendors, fantastic legends, fairy spells, and high imaginings, covered with the glamor of the poet, touch the soul of the reader. These idyls are modelled after the Sicilian idyls, and have all their wandering

melody. As Shakspeare put life into dead bodies when he breathed into them, so Tennyson gave life to the Sicilian idyls, and dressed them in the English language to be worshipped by the English race.

Tennyson failed as a Christian dramatist. He wrote a drama entitled "à Becket." If Becket had been a Wycliff Tennyson would have written a great drama. Aubrey de Vere, the greatest living Irish poet, wrote a drama called "Thomas of Canterbury." This is better than Tennyson's "à Becket." An American poet and critic says: "Although De Vere has not the lightness, the grace, or the subtle elegance of diction of Tennyson, he has more religious spirit, more elevation, in a word, he is *grander*."

Tennyson has written a great elegiac poem, entitled "In Memoriam," in honor of his friend Arthur Hallam. It has more lofty heights and primrose beauty than Milton's "Lycidas"; more spiritual ecstasy and splendor of lament than Shelley's "Adonias"; more melody than Swinburne's dirge of "Baudelaine"; but it has none of the noble swells and falls to be found in "King David's Few Words over his Son Absalom," nor has it anything of the divine certitude of Dante.

In 1850 Tennyson was made poet-laureate, and first became known to the reading public by his poem "Maud," which is filled with eccentric sentiments. His reputation might be greater to-day if this poem had not then appeared, because it gave the people a wrong idea of his style, and wanted that respect for woman and her many virtues which is one of his chief characteristics.

Tennyson had a great contemporary in France, who is now dead, named Alfred de Musset. He is considered by most critics a greater poet than Tennyson, and the greatest French poet since the Revolution. He is the representative poet of that brilliant people. His work is adamant mixed with rubbish, Tennyson's work is pure gold.

For fancy and minuteness of detail, and for the elevation of every-day thoughts to airy beauty, Tennyson is inferior to Pope. Pope fills the reader's mind and explains everything; but for polish and imagination, Tennyson surpasses Pope. It is hard to say whether the writer of "New Tynon," or the writer of "The Dunciad," could be the more sarcastic. Tennyson's weakness is his perfection. He is the direct antithesis of Byron. The genius of Byron is fervid and powerful in the most concise expression; his inspiration broke through everything like the waters of a mighty torrent; or the gusts of a great cyclone; but his style is not condensed.

Every word in Tennyson is a precious stone, carved and put in its proper place. Byron had more imagination and inspiration. The sight of a mountain, the sea, or a beautiful woman, awoke the chords of his lyre. Tennyson labors in mosaic work. Byron had more influence on the nation than Tennyson; Tennyson had more influence on the poets of his time.

In thought, Tennyson resembles Wordsworth, in expression he resembles Keats. Byron is fervid and strong; Coleridge is full of divine music; Wordsworth is the voice of the woodland; Tennyson is the voice of his time. He paints the wooded dells, the flowery vales, the heathy mountains, the musical rivulets, the green pastures and the fresh breezes of England. As the sun approaches in the dappled east, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends his golden beams over the eastern hills to melt the silver dew-drops in the valleys; then he rises in his zenith and slowly sinks to the western horizon. Something like this has been the course of that famous light in literature—Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Greek and Roman Literature.

At no epoch in the history of human events did the world pass through such a transition as the time when literature and art were at their highest place. It was the transition of transitions. There were two suns in the heavens: one rising never to set, the other setting never to rise again. It was the downfall of the Roman and Grecian gods, and the beginning of Christianity. It seemed as if Rome had anticipated the coming of the Man-God, and was striving to end her last days of idolatry and paganism in one grand blaze of splendor and glory. Greece had flourished for centuries; and now Rome was endeavoring to surpass her in everything she had attempted. These two nations, holding the position of mother and daughter, stood up together, side by side—Greece, dignified and philosophical, Rome, proud and mercenary, striving to subdue the whole world and make it look upon her as its mistress.

The Latin language was first spoken in Latium and afterwards at Rome. Some authors rank it among the number of original languages, but by mistake. It is formed principally from the Greeks, and particularly from the Æolian dialect of that tongue. It is a strong, nervous language, perfectly suitable to the character of the people who spoke it. The Romans were engaged in wars both foreign and domestic, which for seven hundred years took up all their

time. Hence, says the ingenious Harris, their language became like their ideas, copious in all terms, expressive of things political, and well adapted to the purposes both of history and popular eloquence.

From the most primitive period of their existence they manifested a deep, practical sense and a mighty political instinct. Even in the first idea of the tribunate there was contained the gem of that mighty political power and action which afterwards a man of energetic character like Tiberius Gracchus knew how to erect. The authority of the Censor over the conduct of persons and the institutions of the Dictatorship in the early ages of Rome manifest the statesman like genius inherent in them. Throughout the whole course of Roman history they evinced this genius and ability that is characteristic of no other nation.

The Romans have also handed down to modern nations many and rare specimens of art; but in this respect they are inferior to the Greeks. They do not show that subtlety, infinite variety, ineffable beauty, and exalted ideal which pervades Greek art. Take, for instance, two statues of Venus, one made by a Grecian artist, the other by a Roman; the first is chaste, modest and dignified; the latter beautiful, yet coarse and sensuous.

The Romans delighted in gladiatorial combats of all kinds, wherever there was to be blood shed. Thus did a thirst for blood, after having been long the predominant passion of the party-leaders of this all-ruling people become an actual craving—a festive entertainment for the multitude. It was as if the dark Pluto had emerged from the abyss of eternal night, escorted by all the vengeful spirits of the lower world, by all the furies of passion and insatiable cupidity, by the blood-thirsty demons of murder, to establish his visible empire and erect his throne forever on earth. It is a maxim that the works of a people are influenced by their customs, habits and manners; therefore, with such a state of affairs, the art of Rome became vulgar and sensuous.

Now we come to the period when the mighty Augustus wrested the Roman Empire from continual warfare and conferred a general peace on the conquered world. A golden age of literature and poetry blazed forth. This poetry was, however, but a late harvest which flourished towards the autumn of declining paganism. Plautus and Terence we can regard merely as successful imitators of the Greeks. The beautiful diction of Virgil and Horace gave an elegant refinement to a language which in modern

ages, and even still among ourselves, has been universally current; but all this poetry, including that which the more copious and more inventive fancy of Ovid produced, can be considered by posterity as only a thin gleanings after the full bloom and rich harvest of Grecian poetry and art. The Roman poetry lay elsewhere than in those artificial compositions of Greek scholars. It must be sought for in the festive games of the circus, and in those gladiatorial combats where the gladiator, wrestling with death, knew how to fall and die with dignity.

However, in the department of history the case was very different from what it was in poetry. There the strong, practical sense of the Romans, their profound political sagacity, gave them a decided advantage over the Greeks, who can show no historian possessed of the simple grandeur of Cæsar, or distinguished, like Tacitus, by that deep insight into the abyss of human corruption; while to Livy must be assigned a place by the side at least of the most illustrious Greeks. Cicero, by that political eloquence and honesty, as well as the superior correctness of his text, and the magnitude and importance of his subjects for discussion, has no equal even among the most celebrated of all the Greeks.

The Grecian language, on the other hand, is a branch of the Indo-European family, and was probably spoken as early as fifteen centuries before our era. The historical tradition of the Greeks and the first accounts of their early settlements present a dense forest of truth and fiction—a labyrinth of poetry and history in whose various and intricate mazes it is often difficult for the historian to find a true outlet. Greece was a land of poets and artists, not of statesmen.

The names of many men, celebrated for their sagacity and ability in political affairs, have been handed down to posterity as the greatest the nation ever produced; yet we may venture to say that for true statesman-like genius they are far inferior to the Romans. What man in the whole course of Grecian history can compare with the courageous and crafty Augustus, or the world-renowned Cæsar?

If, however, Greece is not noted for her statesmen she is for her artists. Hand in hand with the Greeks, wherever they immigrated, went their love of art. Aristotle tells us even in his time statues and paintings formed an indispensable part of the houses of the rich. They were the first of the ancients who passed from the rough and gigantic to a noble simplicity and dignity. We learn from Plato and the poets that

lived about 400 B. C., and some generations before and after, that when all surrounding nations were buried in the barbarism of wild, or sunk in the heaviness of sensual life, the Greeks were showing the most intense vitality and the finest mental susceptibilities, as well as the purest moral qualities among the people of the earth.

From the very beginning, there is a dominant love of decoration; and in the whole duration of Greek artistic vitality this decorative sense is predominant—the composition, the balance, or symmetry of parts, invariably kept in view in all the arrangements of symbols. And while some of the Grecian architecture may seem to be on too large a scale, it is more various, more rich in ornament, more animated and beautiful than that of the Romans. If nothing survived of all the sculpture of the ancient Greeks, coinage would alone demonstrate that the race to whom it owed its existence was more conversant with the qualities of beauty and had a finer spiritual constitution than any other race of which we have had any kind of record.

And now we come to the most interesting feature of Grecian history, her literature. No nation has as yet been able to equal the charm and amenity of Homer, the elevation of Æschylus, and the noble beauty of Sophocles; and perhaps it is wrong even to aspire to their excellence, “for true beauty and true sublimity can never be acquired in the path of imitation.”

Plato was endowed with a brilliant imagination, and loved to soar in the highest regions of speculation. His sense of the beautiful was exquisite, and his style lofty; while in passages it moved with a rich and stately music which all nations have admired. Aristotle was a student and observer; practical results were the subject of his investigations. His style is terse, logical, close, seldom adorned with poetical embellishments, and never with rhetorical exaggerations. But of all the Grecian writers, Homer is the most celebrated and distinguished, the one who exerted more influence over the literature of Greece and Rome than all the others combined.

CHARLES H. SANFORD.

Washington Irving.

The subject of this essay was born in New York City, April 3, 1783. At the time of his birth his parents had resided in America about twenty years. He received a common school education which terminated in his sixteenth year. Like his elder brothers, he engaged in literary pursuits, his favorite authors being Chaucer and

Spencer; and to their study is due much of the lively humor and opulent imagination, which are so equally combined in the works of this celebrated American author. His earlier years were spent in visiting new scenes; and during these rambles he never forgot to observe the habits and customs of the people, which now appear in so uniform a manner throughout his works. After he had withdrawn from the school room he commenced the study of law.

In the year 1802, the first specimens of his writing appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, a paper edited by his brother. They consisted of treatises upon the manners, theatres and local events of old New York, and which the author himself regarded as unworthy of collection. Two years after the issue of the above-mentioned treatises, doubtless impelled by that inborn desire for travel which characterized him, he set sail for the south of Europe. Although he only remained abroad two years, still in that short time he became acquainted with a great many distinguished personages of Europe; among them the celebrated painter, Washington Allston, who tried his utmost to make our renowned author continue the study of painting which he began in America. In fact their intimacy became so great that Allston had almost succeeded in turning Irving's mind from literary pursuits. But his taste for the latter studies had become so firm that it required something more than the genius of man to avert it.

After Allston had been firmly convinced that all attempts to change Irving's mind would be useless, the two friends separated, the former to pursue his studies and dreams, the latter to continue his travels. After a brief sojourn in England he returned, in March 1806, to the city of his birth, where he finished his law course and was, in due time, admitted to the bar. But not having any taste for law, he did not follow the profession.

On January 24, 1807, the first number of his serial was published; and although the prospect before an author at that time was very discouraging, still this first production was hailed with joy, especially on account of its rich humor and keen wit for which Irving is particularly noted throughout all his writings. “Salmagundi,” one of the works contained in his first number, is remarkable by reason of its great variety of character and incident. According to an eminent critic, “the humor and pathos contained in this work are delicate and natural, and the local pleasantries and gossip are recorded with a spirit unsurpassed since the days of Addison.”

Six years after the appearance of his first

serial our distinguished Irving was appointed aide-de-camp and military secretary to Governor Tompkins; but after the termination of the war he was seized anew by the old desire for travelling, and set sail a second time for Europe. From all accounts he had intended to make this visit a short one, but remained abroad seventeen years.

It was during his sojourn on the soil of the Old World that Washington Irving obtained the material for the "Sketch Book"—one of his most humorous and interesting productions. It was during this time also that he became acquainted with the noble and kind-hearted Sir Walter Scott, who afterwards became his bosom friend, and through whose efforts the "Sketch Book" was published. This production may well be said to be "in the author's most characteristic vein." The subjects are exceedingly well chosen, and the style is spotless and beautiful; the humor, as usual, is extremely pleasing and natural. It still continues to be the favorite work of Irving in America and wherever his books are read. His next book, "Bracebridge Hall," was commenced at Paris in the spring of 1821. So rapid was Irving's composition that this book was published one year after the sum of one hundred thousand guineas being paid for the copyright, without seeing the manuscript. In the introduction to the last-named work, the reader will find a most entertaining picture of the author's position before the British public; and the conclusion of the preface very admirably sums up the life-philosophy of the author:

"When I discover the world to be all that it has been represented by sneering cynics and whining poets, I will turn too and abuse it also; in the meanwhile, worthy reader, I hope you will not think lightly of me because I cannot believe this to be so very bad a world as it is represented."

During the next ten years of his second trip abroad his pen produced the "Tales of a Traveller," "Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus," for which our celebrated author received one of the fifty guinea gold medals offered by George IV. for eminence in historical composition, "The Alhambra or New Sketch Book," "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," and several other most interesting and historical works.

After an absence of seventeen years from the land of his birth, he returned thither on May 21, 1832, where, about twenty-seven years after, his last and longest volume, the life of Washington was published. During the latter years

of his life he resided at his house of "Sunnyside," not far from New York City.

This place is very near "Sleepy Hollow," of which he wrote long before: "If ever I should wish for a retreat where I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remainder of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley." Of the great and beautiful river which flows close by, he says: "The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love; and after all my wanderings and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heartfelt preference over all the rivers of the world."

Here, on the left bank of this beautiful stream, passed peacefully the last years of Washington Irving; and if the earlier part of his life had been troubled, the latter part was calm and happy. His death occurred on Nov. 28, 1859, and was caused by a sudden attack of heart disease.

Before closing this essay I deem it not inappropriate to notice briefly the genius of Irving and the exceptional significance of his career. His first production, though modelled after the style of Addison and Goldsmith, is a purely American one. The material is drawn from the social life of New York, and the satire directed against the particular foibles of that time. In the Knickerbocker history, which is considered a purely original work, his genius shines forth in all its lustre; and "as Shakspeare was Marlborough's English historian, so Irving, in the eyes of the great mass of readers, is the classic analyst of New York." In the very interesting and humorous work, "The Sketch Book," he clearly shows the English critics that an American citizen is not necessarily a savage.

But the principal thing that endeared him to the hearts of the English people was the cordial pictures of English life so beautifully exhibited in "Bracebridge Hall." The last characteristic of this renowned author, which ought to be present in the mind of everyone of his readers, is the vivid personality which shines forth in all his writings. His humanity betrays itself under every possible form; his favorites are flowers and children, and in his heart everything is bright and warm. Few authors have been able to endear themselves so greatly to all classes of people. He was a living representative of a memorable epoch and of a renowned generation of men of letters. But of all those notable names it is safe to say that none is cherished with greater tenderness or love than the name of Washington Irving.

H.

The Final Destiny of the Earth.

The origin of the earth and the true interpretation of the Biblical account of the six days of Creation have occupied the attention of the learned and the leisured during so many years that we feel no apology is needed if we now invite the thoughtful reader to turn aside awhile from the consideration of the earth's beginnings to the consideration of its end and final destiny. The distant future of this planet is perhaps involved in as impenetrable a cloud of mystery as its past; but if the former question is no less speculative than the latter, neither is it, to say the very least, one whit less interesting.

The theory which we propose with considerable diffidence to lay before our indulgent reader is only a hypothesis; but the arguments advanced in support of it are all either drawn from the teaching of sound theologians, or else based upon accepted truths of science.

The first scientific fact for consideration in this connection is, that in spite of the exhaustless diversity in form, color and quality of the things of earth, they are all reducible to a small number of elementary substances. That so many millions of apparently totally dissimilar objects should really be formed from so small a number of elements will, of course, strike the uninitiated as very wonderful and inexplicable. But then God is wonderful in his works. *Quis sufficit enarrare opera Illius? Quis enim investigabit magnalia Ejus?* His skill in building up the visible universe may be compared to the skill of a great musician or composer, who will draw a thousand different symphonies from a single instrument. The small number of elementary substances was not always known or suspected. Only little by little was science enabled to present the truth to men's minds with irresistible force. And now there are not wanting those who believe that a day will come when we shall be able to reduce every known object to two or three or even to one universal substance.

If, indeed, we accept Sir W. Thompson's explanation of matter—and Sir W. Thompson is an honorable man—we shall find no difficulty whatever in admitting such a view even at once, and without waiting that future day to which so many are looking forward. For he assumes the existence of a "perfectly continuous, incompressible, and frictionless fluid pervading space." And the atoms of matter he considers "consists of portions of this fluid in a state of vortex motion." These vortex atoms constitute the matter which we experience, and owe their natural properties to the vortex motion.

A second scientific fact to which it will be well to draw attention in this connection is, that the absolute amount of matter, or, in other words, the sum total of all that exists in the material universe is ever a constant quantity. The oak which springs from the acorn adds to its own substance only what it draws from earth and air.

The same truth may be applied to the body of man. Though the human soul is the result of direct creation, its earthly tabernacle is kneaded together from existing matter. . . .

We may now pass on to consider a third scientific fact, namely, the bulk of the earth or its weight in tons, which by elaborate calculation is found to be 6,000,000,000,000,000,000. Every soul of man borrows its substance from the earth. An army of a hundred thousand strong is, after all, but moving earth and painted clay. The only difference between them and their clothes is that one was woven in the womb, the other in the loom. All must go back to earth again, particle for particle, molecule for molecule. Were this not so, consider the absolute loss the earth would sustain in the course of ages. By the year 6000 A. D., the population of the earth, at present rate of increase, should be about 320,000,000,000,000,000, supposing no special causes arise to arrest the rate of increase, and unless everyone returned his body to the earth, there would be a steady and inconvenient diminution of its bulk. It is, no doubt, a singular provision of an all-wise Providence that we do return our fleshly envelope to earth, but faith assures us that it is only a provisional arrangement. When the last member of the human family has paid the debt of nature, and the entire race has been garnered in, then the Archangel will come with a trumpet and a loud voice and summon the dead to arise from their graves: "Arise, and come to judgment ye that dwell in the dust."

Now the question that at once suggests itself is this: When every soul of man that has ever lived—from Adam to the final crack of doom—has claimed his body, will there be anything at all left of the present little orb on which we dwell?

To us it seems much more congruous and fitting that all the earth should be used up in this way rather than that a portion only should, while a broken and shrunken relic is left to wander through space as an impoverished and wasted planet; and the inference is that the earth will endure until so many persons shall have lived from the beginning, that on reclaiming their bodies, the whole substance of the earth will be utilized in meeting the demand.—*Rev. F. S. Vaughan in "Dublin Review" for July.*

Science, Literature and Art.

—Cardinal Newman's mastery of English prose, says a London paper, has been so universally recognized that many will applaud the suggestion that a volume of selections from his works should be at once prepared.

—Jules Verne was born at Nantes in 1828. Like many other famous authors he began his career by studying law. He found this profession uncongenial, however, so he took up authorship, trying his hand first at playwriting. In

1863, however, the success of his first novel, "Five Weeks in a Balloon," decided him in his present successful course.

—The late John Boyle O'Reilly had given considerable thought to the establishment of a department devoted to Celtic literature in the Boston Public Library, and it is now proposed that his memory be honored by the completion of the project. Mr. O'Reilly had himself prepared a list of books which he hoped to see upon the shelves of the library. It is now in the possession of the trustees.

—A copiously illustrated account of Ancient Dwellings of the Rio Verde Valley, in Arizona, will be contributed to the October *Popular Science Monthly*, by Captain Edgar A. Mearns, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A. It contains a description of ruined cliff-dwellings and pueblos explored by Dr. Mearns, with plans showing the exact arrangement of the rooms on the five floors of one of the former, and pictures of the exteriors of several dwellings, and of many curious implements found within them.

John Boyle O'Reilly's First Poem.

At the John Boyle O'Reilly's memorial exercises in the Metropolitan Opera House, says *The New York Sun*, a little group of intimate friends of the dead poet exchanged many reminiscences of him. The story of how he wrote his first poem was, perhaps, the most interesting. In the spring of 1866, O'Reilly, then a young fellow of twenty-two, was a prisoner in Arbor Hill military prison, Dublin. Another enthusiastic young Irishman, James Murphy, occupied the cell adjoining O'Reilly's. Murphy is still alive and an American citizen. He was Captain in the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry.

One day, toward the end of August, 1866, O'Reilly showed Murphy his first poem. It was entitled "The Old School Clock," and was written on a piece of common brown paper. He gave it to Murphy as a keepsake, and asked him to take it to the United States with him when his term would have expired. At that time O'Reilly had not the least idea that he, too, would go to America. He told Murphy a little history connected with the poem. While he was stationed in Dublin as a hussar his regiment was sent to the town of Drogheda, in the County Louth, to attend the election. During the time that the regiment was stationed in that town, O'Reilly received a short leave of absence to visit the village of Dowth, two miles away, where he went to school. In the old school room everything was as it had been in his school days except the clock. Instead of the old timekeeper that stood against the upper end of the school, near the teacher's desk, was a brand new American clock. The absence of the clock made him feel sorrowful. One similar to that which had been removed from the school stood in the corridor of Arbor Hill prison. It put him constantly in mind of the old friend of his boyhood days, and it inspired him to write the poem on the piece of brown paper which he gave to his fellow prisoner, James Murphy.

Murphy had been arrested on a false charge, and he expected that he would be acquitted on his trial. He had resolved that he would then go to the United States, where he would have O'Reilly's poem published. In October he was tried, but, instead of the expected acquittal, he was transferred to Mountjoy prison. Knowing that he would be thoroughly searched before being taken from Arbor Hill, he hid the manuscript of "The Old School Clock" in the register of his cell. Murphy was taken away before he had a chance to regain possession of the manuscript of O'Reilly's poem.

Several years after this Vere Foster of Belfast, who had authority as a philanthropist to visit the prisons, inspected Arbor Hill. He found the manuscript of "The Old School Clock." Mr. Foster was the proprietor of a series of copy books that had been adopted by the National Board of Education in Ireland. He liked O'Reilly's poem so much that he had it printed on the cover of a new edition of his copy books, with a picture of the two clocks. The Board of Education suppressed the edition when it found that the poem was written by John Boyle O'Reilly in Arbor Hill military prison. Subsequently Vere Foster came to this country. He visited Mr. Murphy, and told him that he had presented the manuscript of "The Old School Clock" to the author in Boston. Here is the poem:

THE OLD SCHOOL CLOCK.

Old memories rush o'er my mind just now
Of faces and friends of the past;
Of that happy time when life's dream was all bright
Ere the clear sky of youth was o'ercast.
Very dear are those memories; they've clung round my
heart,
And bravely withstood Time's rude shock;
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now
Than the face of the old school clock.

'Twas a quaint old clock, with a quaint old face,
And great iron weights and chains;
It stopped when it liked, and before it struck
It croaked as if 'twere in pain.
It had seen many years, and it seemed to say
"I'm one of the real old stock"
To the youthful boy, who with reverence looked
On the face of the old school clock.

How many a time I have labored to sketch
That yellow and time-honored face,
With its basket of flowers, its figures and hands,
And the weights and the chains in their place!
How oft have I gazed with admiring eye,
As I sat on the wooden block,
And pondered and guessed at the wonderful things
That were inside that old school clock!

What a terrible frown did the old clock wear
To the truant who timidly cast
An anxious eye on those merciless hands
That for him had been moving too fast!
But its frown soon changed, for it loved to smile
On the thoughtless, noisy flock,
And it creaked and whined and struck with glee—
Did that genial, good-humored clock.

Well, years had passed, and my mind was filled
With the world, its cares and ways,
When again I stood in that little school
Where I passed my boyhood's days.
My old friend was gone! and there hung a thing
That my sorrow seemed to mock,
As I gazed with a tear and a softened heart,
At a new-fashioned Yankee clock.

'Twas a gaudy thing with bright painted sides,
And it looked with insolent stare
On the desks and the seats, and on everything old;
And I thought of the friendly air
Of the face that I missed, with its weights and chains—
All gone to the auctioneer's block;
'Tis a thing of the past—never more shall I see,
But in memory, that old school clock.

'Tis the way of the world; old friends pass away,
And fresh faces arise in their stead;
But still 'mid the din and the bustle of life
We cherish fond thoughts of the dead.
Yes, dearly those memories cling round my heart,
And bravely withstand Time's rude shock;
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now
Than the face of that old school clock.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-FOURTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains: choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

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EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin has experienced a slight improvement during the week, but is still unable to leave his room. We bespeak the prayers of our readers for his speedy recovery.

—It is worthy of note that the Golden Jubilee of Notre Dame occurs simultaneously with the opening of the World's Fair in celebration of the Quarter-Centenary of the Discovery of America. November 26, 1892, marks the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Notre Dame—a fact of interest to all friends and lovers of our *Alma Mater*.

—We take pleasure in announcing that the annual retreat for the students will be preached this year by the Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., of the Class of '57. The retreat will be given during the last week of October, and the exercises, as conducted by this distinguished missionary, cannot fail to be profitable to all who attend, and will receive additional interest through the preacher's old-time relationship to Notre Dame.

—The press has widely circulated throughout the country the announcement of the princely gift made by Mr. James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railroad, who has placed at the disposal of Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, the sum of \$500,000 wherewith to build and en-

dow an institution of learning for the education of aspirants to the priesthood. Such an example of generosity is thoroughly typical of Christian culture, and appeals with renewed force to all whom Heaven has blessed with wealth and who have at heart the interests of education.

Drawing.

The careful observer will notice that in nearly all the schools of the country—and in not a few colleges—very little importance is attached to drawing; and this, no doubt, is the reason why so few comparatively engage in this most useful and delightful study. Nothing could be more desirable than that every heart should feel its refining influence, and all our homes be made beautiful with its truthful and finely finished productions.

Inasmuch as the eye is more constantly contributing to the soul's enjoyment than the ear, it necessarily follows that drawing is more valuable than music. By its aid the student is continually gaining knowledge that words can never impart. Take, for example, map drawing, the illustrations in Natural Philosophy and all the natural sciences—to say nothing of its indispensable utility in mechanic arts and in painting which is so often deficient in true drawing. If drawing were generally and thoroughly taught and practised in our colleges and schools—in many of which it is never introduced—it would lead to much useful thought and many valuable discoveries in every department of human knowledge, as the skilful delineator sees and observes much that is never seen by others; hence every institution of learning should have a competent instructor in this department. Parents owe it as a duty to their children to afford them an opportunity to learn drawing.

Nature is the best model to learn to draw from because it educates the sense of the beautiful and opens the eye and the soul to the glories of creation. When drawing comes to be understood and appreciated according to its intrinsic merits it must take rank as one of the most useful and the noblest in the whole range of educational studies.

The first inclination of a child is to draw something. This spark of what may be "that sacred fire" should not be smothered, but fanned into a flame. Drawing is the alphabet, or rather the language, of art, and when this is understood the child is the possible sculptor, painter or architect.

Instruction in art corrects the taste and gives

skill to the hand; it forms the trained, artistic eye which detects the incongruous, the ungraceful and the ill-proportioned; in fine, it instills into all a taste for art in its nobler as well as simpler forms. We should not lose sight of the utilitarian as well as the æsthetic value of drawing. Why do we find so many foreign mechanics employed as foremen in our American shops and foundries? Because they have been trained abroad at their trade into which drawing enters as an important factor. The mechanic skilled in drawing runs no risk of wasting time and material in the perpetual misconceptions and mistakes that his less favored though otherwise equally skilled brother is liable to make. The former can in two or three minutes draw with his pencil a few rapid lines which will present a sketch of the article so clear that anyone can recognize it at a glance. It can be seen at once whether the intention of his employer has been rightly conceived and whether it is practicable. In connection with this subject the *Catholic Review* well observes:

"The world of mechanical industry is forever expanding. Science is continually opening its vistas, and introducing new ideas, new constructions, new adaptations of old ideas, and on every hand affording youth opportunity provided it has the necessary training. Any young man or woman who can draw can make a first-class living in the industrial world. Drawing enters into nearly everything now. From the illustration of books and magazines and newspapers to the draughting of plans for ships and the sketching of patterns for paper makers, drawing is in universal demand. The boy who knows mathematics fairly and can draw readily is the boy of the future."

From the foregoing we see that drawing should no longer be regarded as a mere ornament or accomplishment to be enjoyed only by the few, but a most useful branch of education to be acquired and enjoyed by all; and the schools that take the lead in this noble work will gain not only pecuniary profit, but, what is infinitely better—the sincere and hearty approval of all who appreciate effort that is devoted to the best interests of humanity.

B. A.

Method in Study.

It is a well-known fact that, so far as the physical system is concerned, a man can endure but a certain amount of labor in a given time, and that after such labor rest is necessary to restore the body to its natural vigor and prepare it for new exertion. If a man engage in active exercise for an hour or two, his physical powers become more or less exhausted according to the greater or less violence of the exercise, and should he continue such exercise beyond the point of weariness, he cannot fail to do

himself an injury which will temporarily, or perhaps permanently, diminish his capacity for exertion, and thus render him less capable of benefiting himself or others.

It is also a fact that of two men possessing equal strength, who do an equal amount of work in a given time, the one who performs his work in a hurried and excited manner will be much more fatigued, and, consequently, will require more rest to re-establish his natural vigor, than the other who performs his work in a quiet and deliberate manner. And, moreover, the latter will, as a general thing, do his work better than the former.

Now, the same laws which govern the body, in respect to labor and rest, govern also the mind in its present state of union with the body; for we must remember that the mind, in man's present state of existence, operates through the brain, which is a part of the physical system. The mind itself never becomes weary or exhausted; but the brain, the instrument of our mental operations, does become fatigued when vigorously employed for a length of time, just as the muscles of the body become fatigued after a certain amount of exercise, and it requires rest to restore its tone and vigor just as much as do the muscles, under similar circumstances; and any effort to use the brain beyond its natural power of endurance is a serious detriment, often inducing permanent injury.

To know, then, that method of study by which the greatest amount of labor can be performed with the least fatigue to the brain, is of the greatest importance to the student, and the following hints, we are satisfied, will place him in possession of that knowledge.

We said, in speaking of the effects of physical exercise upon the body, that he who should perform a certain amount of labor in a hurried and excited manner would be more fatigued and, consequently, require more rest afterwards than another of equal strength who should perform the same work calmly and deliberately. So it is also in the intellectual order. The student who undertakes to master a certain amount of sciences in a given time, and enters upon his work in an excited and anxious manner, or with that feverish sort of fear that he will not be able to accomplish his task in the allotted time, wearies his brain more by such anxiety than by the study actually required; the consequence of which is that he afterwards requires more rest to restore the vigor of his brain, and if he does not take that rest—and students of this class seldom do—he goes on gradually, but surely,

exhausting the strength of his brain and consequently, the vigor of his mind, till he is finally obliged to abandon study for weeks or months, perhaps for years, simply because he can no longer apply his mind to serious work; and, in many cases, also because his physical health has been broken down by the constant unnatural strain upon the mind.

On the other hand, the student who enters upon his work calmly, determined to master, within the allotted time as much of the subject as he can with a reasonable degree of industry, will, in all probability, do his work better, and certainly will fatigue his brain less, require less time to recover the force or strength expended, feel far more happy and contented and, what is of the utmost importance, preserve his health. Even though the quiet student should, on this or that particular occasion, show to less advantage in the class-room (which is not very likely) he will, nevertheless, at the close of each year, have acquired a greater amount of actual information than the anxious student, and return home with his strength and spirits but slightly, if at all, diminished, while the other will require the entire time of vacation to nurse his shattered health, and prepare himself for another term of study, thus losing in part, at least, the enjoyments of home, which naturally should be his after ten months' absence.

But there is another point to which the student should attend particularly: namely, a proper degree of physical exercise. The brain being a part of the physical organization, its health and vigor depend, in a great measure, upon the health of the body, and the latter depends mainly, after healthful nourishment, upon a due proportion of physical exercise. It is to secure to the student an opportunity for this necessary exercise that in all schools and colleges certain hours of each day, and in many of them an entire day in each week, are set apart for play and recreation; and the student who has his own welfare at heart will be as careful to profit by these recreations as he is to use the hours of study diligently, knowing that for every hour of study time which he gains by neglecting the requisite physical exercise, he will sooner or later be obliged to pay a severe penalty, and not unlikely meet with failure in the end.

B.

The Classics.

It seems almost a work of supererogation to say anything in praise of classical studies. Their use, and the benefits that accrue to man from a

diligent study of them, have been so ably stated by men whose *dictum* in matters of education is, or should be, absolute, that little else can be said, unless we reiterate what they have said. And here where they have been taught with success for years, we would be stating well-known and trite reasons should we speak at any length of the utility of these studies.

But we would say a few words to those of our friends who seem to think that all their studies should be brought to bear upon what they consider the most important thing in this life—making a fortune. In new countries hard work, without the aid or assistance of much book learning, will by itself make a fortune. But when a country has ceased to be new, then the means of acquiring this fortune do not lie within the grasp of everyone. He who has knowledge alone has the power of grasping these means.

The uneducated man who acquires a fortune is then the exception, not the rule. The merchant is then a man of education. Now, what is an education? Is it to be able to say that twelve and twelve are twenty-four? Is it to be able to keep a set of books—to know when to debit and when to credit certain amounts? Is it to be able to read over the editorials of our pet newspapers, and to form our ideas and judgments from their perusal? We think not. Is it confined to a knowledge very slight of one or two or more 'ologies? We say slight because this knowledge must be slight, indeed, unless one has some acquaintance with the ancient languages. No; education means a knowledge of those things which are at the foundation of all learning—of those things by means of which, with some study, all science and all learning is opened to us.

Now what studies are they which lie at the base of all learning? Are they not the classical studies? Would you understand fully and thoroughly your own native tongue, you must have a knowledge of Latin and Greek. Would you acquire a knowledge of philosophy, you must have recourse to Latin and Greek. Would you understand the almost hidden mysteries of nature, which disclose themselves at the "open sesame" of science, a knowledge of Latin and Greek is of the greatest assistance. How can you read the orations or speeches of our own great orators with any profit unless you can also understand the classical allusions and similes which so frequently occur?

But man should not look merely to the acquiring of a fortune in this life. Passing by, for the present, the chief concern of his life, his

salvation, has he not other things to accomplish besides making money? Man, as a rule, must have some pleasure, he must take a little recreation; even St. John the Evangelist amused himself by playing with a pigeon. It is recreation which gives us the renewed strength to enter upon our serious work. Now the great question "How shall I recreate myself?" is often a very puzzling one. After a man has passed the years of youth; he cannot do it with bat and ball and other sports. And, besides, these violent out-door recreations are not those which give us the keenest pleasure—the followers of "muscular Christianity" to the contrary, notwithstanding. The most subtle pleasure is that which we feel mentally when we have taken in the thoughts of the great authors, when our minds comprehend the beauties of some masterpiece of literature or art. All literature, all art, is impenetrable darkness to him who is unacquainted with the works of those giants who lived in the far-off ages of time. A knowledge of the religion, of the manners, of the customs, of the thoughts of antiquity, is the lamp that lights up the darkness and enables us to appreciate much of the loveliness, the grandeur and the sublimity of the works of man. This classical knowledge will always be for the possessor not only of much actual use, but also a rich field from which to take much that will give to him his needed recreation. We hope to see the day when our Classical department will number more students than the Scientific, the Law, the Medical and the Commercial departments all combined. L.

Books and Periodicals.

LIFE OF FATHER CHARLES SIRE, of the Society of Jesus. By His Brother, Rev. Vital Sire. Translated from the French. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

The subject of this interesting and edifying biography was descended from an honorable family in France whose members were distinguished by their virtues. His own life, though short in years, furnishes a beautiful model to the young and all who aspire to the attainment of Christian perfection. Father Sire was born near Toulouse, in 1828, and after a collegiate education entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus in that city at the age of twenty-three. In 1861 he was ordained priest and sent on a foreign mission; but his health failing, he was recalled to France and died on shipboard, Aug. 4, 1862. The details of this life, as compiled by his brother from his writings and the testimony of those who were most intimate with him and knew him best, are most edifying and in-

structive. They reveal a character like that of St. John Berchmans and St. Aloysius Gonzaga—those beautiful models for youthful souls and earnest Christian students. The record presented in this work cannot fail to be productive of much good to the Christian reader whether of the laity or the clergy, but especially to those who are, like Father Charles Sire—during the period of his life which forms the chief portion of the volume—preparing themselves for the sacred ministry.

THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN OF THE PRESENT DAY. Letters to a Young Man by Rt. Rev. Augustine Egger, D. D., Bishop of St. Gall. Translated from the German by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

This little work presents clearly, concisely, and forcibly considerations which will serve as a true guide to Christian youth in all the various avocations of life. Among the subjects of the various "Letters" are: "Know Thyself"; "The Courage of One's Convictions"; "Fidelity to One's Faith"; "The Temple of God"; "Show Thyself a Man"; "Contentment," etc. These indicate, to some extent, the practical nature of the reflections laid down by the Rt. Rev. author. It is a timely and useful little work and must be productive of great good.

THE RIGHTS OF OUR LITTLE ONES: or, First Principles on Education in Catechetical Form. By Rev. James Conway, S. J. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

This is a booklet of about fifty pages in which the Rev. author has reduced to the briefest, most pointed and most popular form compatible with the subject, the principles already laid down by him in the treatise entitled "The Respective Rights and Duties of Family, State and Church in Regard to Education." The catechetical form places before the mind of the reader, in a clear manner, the great and important questions involved in the subject of education, and presents, concisely and impressively, the answers to the same. It should be circulated far and wide by all who have at heart the true education of "the little ones."

—*Donahoe's Monthly Magazine* for October contains matter of unusual interest. Among its table of contents are articles descriptive of Georgetown College Museum; A poem by Katharine E. Conway, The Flag Beside the Cross; The New Star of Bethlehem; The Catholic Truth Society; Newfoundland and its Irish Settlers; Glimpses of Irish Industries, Woollens; Normal Schools; St. Teresa's American Daughters; A Poem in Honor of John Boyle O'Reilly; The Position of American Priests; The Tomb of Virgil; Catholic Position in Education; Biographical Sketch of Cardinal Newman (with portrait), his Place in Literature; Death of John Boyle O'Reilly (with portrait), History, Father Fulton's eulogy at his funeral, Peter McCorry's letter, Memorial Meeting in Boston, and an account of the Month's Mind, with Bishop Healey's Sermon.

Local Items.

- Second week, and all's well.
- Every one has settled down to business.
- The "Four Oaks" are in a flourishing condition.
- Mr. Paul Wood has completed a life-size portrait of Archbishop Carroll.
- Henceforth, on Sundays and holydays, the students' High Mass will be sung at eight o'clock.
- Prof. Edwards has introduced many improvements in the arrangement of the Library.
- All the latest publications relating to electricity have been ordered for the Lemonnier Library.
- St. Edward's Park is surpassingly beautiful this year. It is the admiration of students and visitors alike.
- The regular courses in Christian Doctrine and Ecclesiastical History will be opened on Monday morning.
- We are glad to state that Rev. Father Stoffel, who was quite ill during the week, is rapidly recovering.
- Rev. Prefect of Discipline Regan returned on Saturday last, greatly improved in health after a vacation trip to the "Green Isle of the West."
- We are glad to see Prof. Liscombe once more with us. He returned on Tuesday, completely recovered from the effects of the recent accident.
- The upper class men will find all the best scientific and literary magazines and periodicals of the day in the reading-rooms of the Lemonnier Library.
- The Brownsons are determined to keep the aquatic laurels won last year from the Sorin Hall men; so look out for an exciting boat race on Founder's Day.
- Our local scientists are now discussing the question of a proper site for the new Astronomical Observatory, work upon which will be begun before many weeks.
- Measures have been taken for the enlargement of the ice-house on the shore of the lake. The partial failure of the ice-crop has shown the necessity of this undertaking.
- Quite a number of the Class of '90 have returned. Paradis and Morrison will continue their art studies; Reynolds and Paquette will labor at Mechanical and Electrical Engineering; and Louis Chute will study up on Law.
- Many of the speeches made by the Freshmen in the "Gym" after supper each evening deserve to be recorded. The effort made by Mr. C. Rudd was so highly appreciated by the delighted audience that he was applauded to the echo.
- The church choir has been organized from among the members of the Archconfraternity. It is hoped that this new departure will prove

successful and that the music at the services of the Church will be as good as that given by the choir of last year.

—Rev. President Walsh, during the week, addressed the students of Brownson and Carroll Halls on the Rules and Regulations of the University and the importance of observing them. Rev. Father Morrissey spoke on the same subject to the students of Sorin Hall.

—Remember the Library is open every day for reading and consultation from 8 a. m. to 12 m. and from 1 to 5 p. m. Members of the Faculty and students who wish to take books from the circulating department of the Library will please call between 9 and 10 a. m. Books may not be taken out at any other hour.

—The park in front of the College buildings was laid out more than ten years ago. Since that time so many new buildings have been erected on every side that it has become necessary to lay out the grounds according to new and more appropriate designs. The local landscape architects are now considering several plans.

—A life-size portrait of the great philosopher and reviewer, Orestes A. Brownson, has been ordered for Brownson Hall, and one of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, for Carroll Hall. The portrait of Dr. Brownson will be different from the one already in the Bishops' Memorial Hall. It will represent him as he appeared in the last years of his life.

—STUDIO NOTES.—Professor Gregori has just completed a magnificent life-size portrait in oil of George Washington. Mr. Paul Wood is at work on a life-size full-length sitting portrait of Right Rev. Bishop Cheverus first bishop of Boston, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux. Mr. Paradis is copying in oil Gregori's portrait of Washington, and Mr. Morrison is painting a life-size portrait of Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington.

—During Rev. W. O'Ryan's stay at Notre Dame he visited St. Edward's Hall. The enthusiastic welcome given him by the Denver boys show the esteem and affection in which they hold him. The address which he made to the Minims is one which they will not soon forget. He said: "Very Rev. Father General calls you princes, and you can, if you wish, prove yourselves worthy of the title. Being educated in the midst of such surroundings you should grow up to be princes among men. Therefore, make the most of these golden days at Notre Dame, where such exceptional advantages are afforded you, where the very atmosphere breathes refinement and education. There is no such place in this country, or in any other country in the world, as Notre Dame."

—The first regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday evening, Sept. 17, for the purpose of reorganiza-

tion. After the appointment of a temporary secretary the members proceeded to elect officers. The following were chosen: Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., and Very Rev. A. Granger, Hon. Directors; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., President; Brother Urban, C. S. C., Promoter; Prof. M. F. Egan, Literary Critic; Prof. F. J. Liscombe, Musical Director; J. R. Boyd, 1st Vice-President; P. A. Murphy, 2d Vice-President; James J. Fitzgerald, Treasurer; M. A. Quinlan, Recording Secretary; M. P. Hannin, Corresponding Secretary; J. Fred Schillo, Historian; C. W. Scherrer, 1st Censor; C. S. Fleming, 2d Censor. This society is one of the oldest and most flourishing in the University.

—One of our local scientists, who formed part of a scientific expedition during the vacation, states that the party met with a warm reception as they penetrated into the interior of the country. At one time ye rural inhabitants mistook them for the *disjecta membra* of a salvation army band. Again they were greeted with cheers by some youthful grangers who thought they were the players of a base-ball club. Then again they received the sympathy of the rustics to whom they appeared as the fragments of a "busted" opera troupe, who had only a "tie pass" for home. But the climax was reached when they were assaulted by an angry farmer armed with a pitch-fork. (The scientific gentleman refused to state the reason of this attack.) Then they formed into serried ranks and overawed all whom they met as they pursued their journey in the interests of science.

—A friend writes and informs us that "the item in the SCHOLASTIC of last week, concerning the new apparatus for cross-fishing—not casting bait into the middle of the lake, as stated, as that is usually done by means of a rod, or by hand—seems to have been inserted by one who is not versed in the art of angling. Our invention carries the line with its flies and swivels to the opposite bank if required, and sails along with the fisherman who holds the other end, and reverses its motion when required to go backwards. The remark has been made, by an eyewitness to its movements, that it acted like a thing of life on the water. It is an ingenious device, and when properly mounted is intended to give a toothache to some of the old denizens of the lake. The designer has serious thoughts of having it patented, and has given it the appropriate name of "The King-fisher."

—The electric self-winding clocks have been placed in position in the various buildings. They will add in an important degree to the general convenience and regularity, and are an appropriate addition to the numerous modern improvements installed throughout the University. The new clocks are both self-winding and synchronal. The term "self-winding" is applied because each clock is supplied with an electric battery and a small electric motor which, at hourly intervals, winds up as much of the main

spring as has been required to run the clock during the previous hour. This action continues automatically from twelve to eighteen months without attention. All of the clocks are connected by wires with the large standard regulator in the Students' Office. The standard clock has a synchronizing device which at daily intervals controls and corrects all the clocks in the system, thus insuring uniform and correct time.

—The *South Bend Tribune* of the 16th inst. says: "During the severe storm that visited the city about 11 o'clock last night Dr. Berteling sat in the library of his residence on South Taylor street reading, when the stove in the room began to dance, the pipe fell to the floor and the room was filled with soot and sulphurous smoke. The doctor laid down his magazine without marking the place where he left off reading when the interruption came, and ran up stairs from whence proceeded screams from his wife and child. A bolt of lightning had descended the chimney in the centre of the house, knocking out the thimble stops in the upper rooms, and slid down and wrestled with the stove. Mrs. Berteling saw a big ball of fire darting through the room, and she imagined the house on fire. None of the inmates of the house were stunned by the shock, but all were badly scared. The electric current got out of the house without doing any great damage."

—From the *Liverpool Catholic Times* we take the following notice of the Rev. D. A. Tighe, '70, the efficient and zealous Rector of Holy Angels' Church, Chicago, who has spent the summer months visiting relatives and friends in Ireland:

"The Very Rev. Denis A. Tighe, Chicago, preached recently in the Cathedral, Sligo, in aid of the poor relieved by the Sisters of Mercy. In the course of an eloquent sermon he said: 'Here in this land, in which he had the honor to be born, the Church had permitted her children to be hunted to death or to exile, her beautiful churches and monasteries razed to the ground, and her altars broken up and destroyed, sooner than give up the Faith which had been received from St. Patrick. Their countrymen had gone over the face of the earth to the most distant lands carrying that Faith with them; the blood of the martyrs had fructified a thousandfold; so that in America the Catholic Church was as powerful and as faithful to God and His Commandments as was their Catholic Church at home; this was owing to its state of neutrality. The Church is not interfered with, neither is she protected; and that is the state which appears most congenial to her, and it is precisely the state in which she exists in America. He would show them what progress the Church had made in America within the last fifty years. Fifty years ago they had only a few thousand members in America and scarcely any schools. Now they had in America a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Catholic Church; they had 18 archbishops, 69 bishops, 7,500 priests, 9,000 churches, 940 colleges, seminaries and academies, thousands of Christian Brothers, and Sisters of teaching orders, 310 asylums, 190 hospitals, 3,500 Christian schools, 68,300 children attending school, and her Catholic population is shown to be not far from 12 millions—three times as many as they had in Ireland altogether. That showed how the Church progressed in America in a state of neutrality. Thirty years ago there were few Catholics in Chicago. The man who assisted to build the first little frame-church is living there to-day. A few years ago there were only a few hundred Catholics in Chicago;

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The influence of cheerful surroundings is not underrated at St. Mary's, as a glimpse of the class-rooms amply proves.

—The Minims' hall has been neatly fitted up and their surroundings have been made as cheerful and pleasant as possible.

—Miss Maud Clifford, Class '89, Misses A. Hammond and C. Dempsey, both of Class '90, and Miss A. Basheming, were welcome visitors at St. Mary's last week.

—On Sunday, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, Rev. Father Scherer celebrated the High Mass and delivered an instructive sermon on the Gospel of the day.

—Dr. M. F. Egan's lectures have come to be considered a regular feature of the academic course at St. Mary's; and the eagerness with which they are looked forward to is proof conclusive that they are warmly appreciated.

—The members of the Graduating class have begun their collection of autumn flowers for their herbariums; and the friendly emulation that exists promises to be quite an incentive in the analysis and arrangement of the various specimens.

—The event of the week was the arrival, on Friday last, of the Colorado pupils; they report a delightful trip, and are loud in praise of Rev. Father Zahm, thanks to whose kind solicitude they learned the true meaning of Saxe's words: "Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on a rail."

—There is no branch of education—with the exception of Christian Doctrine—to which more importance is attached than that of letter-writing, and each week special attention is paid to the composition and penmanship of the letters sent out by the pupils of the institution. Practice in this art is attended with gratifying results; and many who at the opening of a session are deficient in this branch, before its close acquire an ease and grace that make their letters most charming. Those in the German and French classes find inspiration for their letter-writing in the "Letters and Journal" of Eugenie de Guerin, which is used as a text-book in both departments. While cultivating a finished style in the epistolary art, pains are taken that the beautiful quality of simplicity may not be destroyed. "Once upon a time," a child, in beginning a letter, wrote "this is my thought"; so when a pupil indites a letter to the dear ones at home she is taught to use her own thoughts, clothed in the most pleasing manner, thereby giving pleasure to her parents and forming habits of accuracy which will ever characterize her correspondence.

—The first academic reunion for the year was

held on Sunday last in the Senior study-hall. Much to everyone's regret, Very Rev. Father General was not able to preside. Rev. Father Scherer distributed the "good points," after which Miss Ollie O'Brien read a short essay relative to the opening of the scholastic year. Among other reflections, gracefully presented by the reader, were these: "God has sent this time to us, and it is to return to Him; it has come from God, therefore are we to be most grateful; for every moment is a precious coin with which we may purchase future blessings. It is to return to God bearing to him the record of days well spent, or of hours wasted, and it is in our power to make that record what we will. Here at St. Mary's the care and solicitude of those placed over us relieve us of anxiety; all we need do is to take 'duty' as our watchword, then with patient diligence pursue the course marked out for us, and time will place at God's feet a golden sheaf as the season's harvest." The essayist then spoke of the virtues which should characterize the school-girl, and concluded with these words: "And if we apply ourselves assiduously from the very beginning in the cultivation of these virtues, then, indeed, will we prize the 'crown of honor' placed upon our brow on Commencement day—a crown symbolic of the one we hope to obtain, at the hands of the Master, as a reward for our labors in life's great school."

Rev. Father Scherer then made a few remarks endorsing the sentiments of the reader, and urging the necessity of securing the blessing of Heaven on their studies.

Feast of the Compassion.

With eyes of faith and love, to-day we see
Our Mother holding close unto her heart
Her Babe Divine, as tho' to heal the smart
Of that first dolor,—Simeon's decree;
Across the desert sands we see her flee;
Again we meet her in the busy mart—
His loss, a grief from other griefs apart;
And then, we follow her to Calvary.

Ah! who can paint the anguish of that sight,
As 'neath the cross our martyred Mother stands,
The darkness of her soul more dense, more drear,
Than that which changed, in shame, the day to night?
O Mary, as we kiss thy Son's pierced hands,
Remember His bequest, our Mother dear!

E. de M.

Cheerfulness.

"Into all lives some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary," is the refrain that many keep singing in their hearts until chords of sadness hush all sounds of joy. Yes, "some days must be dark and dreary"; clouds must gather, storms must come; but, taking the year together, there are more sunny days than cloudy ones; and why should we not make the most

of the bright hours which are freighted with peace and happiness? Some there are who, even when standing in the full light of prosperity, exclaim: "My heavy heart, the prophetic of woe, forebodes some ill at hand;" and as "never comes reflection, gay or grave, but it brings with it comrades of its hue," the mind becomes unable to thrive save in the dark shade of some sorrow, real or imaginary. The person of morose disposition fixes his gaze on the shadows in the valley, forgetting to raise his eyes to the mountain-tops glorious in the splendor of sunlight. He catches not the reflection of the sunbeams from the rippling waves, but peers down into the depths where shadows lurk; the nodding flower that smiles a greeting to the genial man becomes to him the subject of a homily on "the grass of the field which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven."

True, there are few lives into which sorrow has not come; but as after a rain the flowers look up more beautiful than ever and the birds sing their sweetest carols, so should the afflicted look up to Him who alone can soothe the wounded heart, bearing in mind that He who sends our crosses was once "sorrowful unto death."

Granting that sorrow has cast its shadow over our days, let us not be selfish and draw others under the cloud; rather should we strive to make the sunshine of their lives brighter. Beautifully is this lesson taught in the words of Christian Reid: "It does not follow that people forget because they cease to mourn as one refusing to be comforted. Remembrance may live under smiles as well as under tears; indeed, the truest, the deepest hearts, are those which remember in this way—which with a cheerful spirit go to meet all fair and pleasant gifts of God, and yet carry in sunshine or in shadow the tender memory of some buried past." If we would but find the brightness within our hearts, then the shadows that fall athwart our lives would have no power to chill the springs of joy and peace. And, after all, how many reasons have we to be happy! What sweet surprises meet us in the way: little unexpected pleasures, unlooked for encouragement, marks of loving confidence from those dear to us and whose esteem we prize, friendly words that waken new hopes and ambitions. Oh, it is a wonder that our hearts are not forever singing anthems of joy and thanksgiving! Then, higher and better than all these are sweet thoughts of God and His goodness to us; and with the memory of His loving favors filling our heart, how can we be anything but happy!

Happiness is a great power in the world; and those who are eager to promote God's glory and to make those around them better and brighter will find cheerfulness most potent in the good work. A genial, sunny person holds a key to the hardest of hearts, and the coldest of natures must yield to the influence of a happy countenance and a cheerful word.

When clouds gather and darkness seems to come over all that is bright in life, let us try to think that "there is blue sky somewhere yet"; and if we but bide our time the brightness will again flood our pathway with redoubled splendor. To set aside gloomy reflections and to cultivate a cheerful demeanor may require sacrifice on our part; but once the sacrifice is made, we will realize the truth of Father Faber's beautiful words: "When the very darkness within us creates a sunshine around us, then has the spirit of Jesus taken possession of our souls."

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Allen, Anson, Balch, Buck, Bunsbury, R. Butler, Beach, Bero, E. Burns, Brady, Breen, Bradford, A. Butler, Black, Currier, Coleman, Churchill, Chase, Clayton, Cohoon, Charles, Campbell, Crilly, E. Dennison, Du Bois, L. Du Bois, D. Davis, M. Donahue, Donahue, Dougherty, Eisenstadt, Evoy, Farwell, Fitzsimmons, Fehr, Griffith, Gibbons, Green, Good, Galvin, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Haitz, Hughes, Howe, M. Hess, M. Hess, M. Hess, Hunt, Holmes, Hanson, Hopkins, Kirley, Kieffer, L. Kasper, Kingsbaker, G. Lauth, Lewis, Loennecker, F. Moore, Morse, M. McFarland, M. Moynahan, Murphy, M. Moore, Murison, N. Moore, McCormack, A. Moynahan, McGuire, McPhilips, Norris, Niemann, O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Pengemann, Quinn, Quinlan, Quirk, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Rentfrow, Rose, Root, Rizer, Spurgeon, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhorn, Stokes, M. Smyth, Sanford, Thirds, Tipton, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Wile, M. Wagner, Whitmore, Wolff, Young.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, A. Augustin, M. Bachrach, Boos, M. G. Bachrach, Bartholomew, M. Burns, E. Burns, Campbell, Carlin, Culp, G. Cowan, Coady, A. Cowan, Crandall, Clifford, M. Davis, B. Davis, Dennison, Fossick, Gilmore, Girsch, Hamilton, Hickey, Holmes, Johnston, Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, McGuire, Meskill, Mabbs, Mills, Mestling, Quealy, Robbins, Silvey, M. Scherrer, Silverman, J. Smyth, Schaefer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, A. Tormey, Van Liew, Wagner, White.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Finnerty, Hamilton, Girsch, McPhilips, McCarthy, L. Smith, V. Smith, Windsor.

In judging others, a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs, and easily sins; but in examining and judging himself, he is always wisely and usefully employed.

HEARTS that are made sad by affliction have strung for them the most tender chords which in eternity will be responsive to the sweetest and most joyous notes.